

ELEGIAC SONNETS,

&c.







P. Condé sculp.

*Oh! Time has Changed me since you saw me last;
And heavy Hours with Time's deforming Hand,
Have written strange Defectures in my Face.*

Published May 25th 1797 by Cadell and Davies Strand.

ELEGIAC SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

—K

VOL. I.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) STRAND.

1797.



TO
WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

SIR,

WHILE I ask your protection for these essays, I cannot deny having myself some esteem for them. Yet permit me to say, that did I not trust to your candour and sensibility, and hope they will plead for the errors your judgment must discover, I should never have availed myself of the liberty I have obtained — that of dedicating these simple effusions to the greatest modern Master of that charming talent, in which I can never be more than a distant copyist.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient

and obliged Servant,

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

THE little Poems which are here called Sonnets, have, I believe, no very just claim to that title : but they consist of fourteen lines, and appear to me no improper vehicle for a single Sentiment. I am told, and I read it as the opinion of very good judges, that the legitimate Sonnet is ill calculated for our language. The specimen Mr. Hayley has given, though they form a strong exception, prove no more, than that the difficulties of the attempt vanish before uncommon powers.

Some very melancholy moments have been beguiled by expressing in verse the sensations those moments brought. Some of my friends, with partial indiscretion, have multiplied the copies they procured of several of these attempts, till they found their way into the prints of the day in a mutilated state ; which, concurring with other circumstances, determined me to put them into their present form. I can hope for readers only among the few, who, to sensibility of heart, join simplicity of taste.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

THIRD AND FOURTH EDITIONS.

THE reception given by the public, as well as my particular friends, to the two first editions of these poems, has induced me to add to the present such other Sonnets as I have written since, or have recovered from my acquaintance, to whom I had given them without thinking well enough of them at the time to preserve any copies myself. A few of those last written, I have attempted on the Italian model; with what success I know not; but I am persuaded

that, to the generality of readers, those which are less regular will be more pleasing.

As a few notes were necessary, I have added them at the end. I have there quoted such lines as I have borrowed ; and even where I am conscious the ideas were not my own, I have restored them to the original possessors.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

F I F T H E D I T I O N .

IN printing a list of so many noble, literary, and respectable names, it would become me, perhaps, to make my acknowledgments to those friends, to whose exertions in my favor, rather than to any merit of my own, I owe the brilliant assemblage. With difficulty I repress what I feel on this subject ; but in the conviction that such acknowledgments would be painful to them, I forbear publicly to speak of those particular obligations, the sense of which will ever be deeply impressed on my heart.

PREFACE

FIFTH EDITION

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

S I X T H E D I T I O N .

WHEN a sixth Edition of these little Poems was lately called for, it was proposed to me to add such Sonnets, or other pieces, as I might have written since the publication of the fifth—Of these, however, I had only a few; and on shewing them to a friend, of whose judgment I had an high opinion, he remarked that some of them, particularly “The Sleeping Woodman,” and “The Return of the Nightingale,” resembled in their subjects, and still more in the plaintive tone in which they are written, the greater part of those in the former Editions—and that, perhaps, some of a more lively cast

might be better liked by the Public — “Toujours perdrix,” said my friend — “Toujours perdrix,” you know, “ne vaut rien.” — I am far from supposing that *your* compositions can be neglected or disapproved, on whatever subject: but perhaps “toujours Rossignols, toujours des chanson triste,” may not be so well received as if you attempted, what you would certainly execute as successfully, a more cheerful style of composition. “Alas! replied I, “Are grapes gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles?” Or can the *effect* cease, while the *cause* remains? *You know* that when in the Beech Woods of Hampshire, I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the public ear! It was unaffected sorrows drew them forth: I wrote mournfully because I was unhappy — And I have unfortunately no reason yet, though nine years have since elapsed, to

change my tone. The time is indeed arrived, when I have been promised by "*the Honourable Men*" who, *nine years ago*, undertook to see that my family obtained the provision their grandfather designed for them,—that "all should be well, all should be settled." But still I am condemned to feel the "*hope delayed that maketh the heart sick.*" Still to receive—not a repetition of promises indeed—but of scorn and insult, when I apply to those gentlemen, who, though they acknowledge that all impediments to a division of the estate they have undertaken to manage, are done away—will neither tell me *when* they will proceed to divide it, or *whether they will ever do so at all.* You know the circumstances under which I have now so long been labouring; and you have done me the honor to say, that few Women could so long have contended with them. With these, however, as they are some of them

of a domestic and painful nature, I will not trouble the Public *now*; but while they exist in all their force, that indulgent Public must accept all I am able to achieve—"Toujours des Chançons tristes!"

Thus ended the short dialogue between my friend and me, and I repeat it as an apology for that apparent despondence, which, when it is observed for a long series of years, may look like affectation. *I shall be sorry*, if on some future occasion, I should feel myself compelled to detail its causes more at length; for, notwithstanding I am thus frequently appearing as an Authorefs, and have derived from thence many of the greatest advantages of my life, (since it has procured me friends whose attachment is most invaluable,) I am wellaware that for a woman—"The Post of Honor is a Private Station."

London, May 14, 1792.

C O N T E N T S.

S O N N E T S.

	Page
I.	1
II. Written at the close of Spring	2
III. To a Nightingale	3
IV. To the Moon	4
V. To the South Downs	5
VI. To Hope	6
VII. On the Departure of the Nightingale ...	7
VIII. To Spring	8
IX.	9
X. To Mrs. G.	10
XI. To Sleep	11
XII. Written on the Sea Shore	12
XIII. From Petrarch	13
XIV. From the same	14
XV. From the same	15

CONTENTS.

	Page
xvi. From Petrarch	16
xvii. From the 13th Cantata of Metastasio ...	17
xviii. To the Earl of Egremont	18
xix. To Mr. Hayley	19
xx. To the Countess of A —	20
xxi. Supposed to be written by Werter	21
xxii. By the same	22
xxiii. By the same	23
xxiv. By the same	24
xxv. By the same	25
xxvi. To the River Arun	26
xxvii.	27
xxviii. To Friendship	28
xxix. To Miss C —	29
xxx. To the River Arun	30
xxxi. Written in Farm Wood, on the South Downs, May 1784	31
xxxii. To Melancholy. Written on the Banks of the Arun	32
xxxiii. To the Naiad of the Arun	33

CONTENTS.

	Page
xxxiv. To a Friend	34
xxxv. To Fortitude	35
xxxvi.	36
xxxvii. Sent to the Honorable Mrs. O'Neill, with painted flowers	37
xxxviii. From the Novel of Emmeline	38
xxxix. To Night. From the same	39
xl. From the same	40
xli. To Tranquillity	41
xl.ii. Composed during a walk on the Downs, in November 1787	42
xl.iii.	43
xliv. Written in the church-yard at Mid- dleton in Suffex	44
xl. v. On leaving a part of Suffex	45
xlvi. Written at Penrhurst, in Autumn 1788	46
xl. vii. To Fancy	47
xl. viii. To Mrs. * * * *	48
xl. ix. From the Novel of Celestina	49
l. From the same	50

CONTENTS.

	Page
LI. From the same	51
LII. From the same	52
LIII. From the same	53
LIV. The Sleeping Woodman	54
LV. The Return of the Nightingale	55
LVI. The Captive escaped in the Wilds of America	56
LVII. To Dependence	57
LVIII. The Glow-worm	58
LIX. Written Sept. 1791, during a remark- able Thunder Storm	59
Ode to Despair. From the Novel of Emmeline	60
Elegy	63
Song. From the French of Cardinal Bernis - -	68
The Origin of Flattery	71
The Peasant of the Alps	77
Song	81
Thirty-eight	82
Verſes intended to have been prefixed to the Novel of Emmeline	86

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

S O N N E T I.

THE partial Muse, has from my earliest hours
Smiled on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head :
But far, far happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art ;
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn, to fester in the heart.
For still she bids soft Pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the hills she knows not to remove,
Points every pang, and deepens every sigh
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love.
Ah ! then, how dear the Muse's favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best—who feel it most !

SONNET II.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell, mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

SONNET III.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

POOR melancholy bird—that all night long
Tell’st to the Moon thy tale of tender woe ;
From what sad cause can such sweet sorrow flow,
And whence this mournful melody of song ?

Thy poet’s musing fancy would translate
What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,
When still at dewy eve thou leavest thy nest,
Thus to the listening night to sing thy fate ?

Pale Sorrow’s victims wert thou once among,
Tho’ now released in woodlands wild to rove ?
Say—hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,
Or died’st thou——martyr of disastrous love ?
Ah ! songstrefs sad ! that such my lot might be,
To sigh and sing at liberty——like thee !

SONNET IV.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb, the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death—to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!



Dr. Smith del.

Adams sculp.

Published Jan: 1789, by T. Cadell, Strand.

Queen of the Silver Bow, &c.



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SONNET V.

TO THE SOUTH DOWNS.

AH! hills beloved!—where once, an happy child,
Your beechen shades, ‘your turf, your flowers among,’
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song.
Ah! hills beloved!—your turf, your flowers remain;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment sooth the sense of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?
And you, Aruna!—in the vale below,
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,
To drink a long oblivion to my care?
Ah! no!—when all, e’en Hope’s last ray is gone,
There’s no oblivion—but in death alone!

SONNET VI.

TO HOPE.

OH, Hope! thou soother sweet of human woes!
How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn?
For me wilt thou renew the wither'd rose,
And clear my painful path of pointed thorn?
Ah, come, sweet nymph! in smiles and softness drest,
Like the young hours that lead the tender year,
Enchantress come! and charm my cares to rest:—
Alas! the flatterer flies, and will not hear!
A prey to fear, anxiety, and pain,
Must I a sad existence still deplore?
Lo!—the flowers fade, but all the thorns remain,
' For me the vernal garland blooms no more.'
Come then, 'pale Misery's love!' be thou my cure,
And I will bless thee, who tho' slow art sure.

S O N N E T VII.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu !

Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year !

Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,

And pour thy music on ' the night's dull ear.'

Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,

The penfive muse shall own thee for her mate,

And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide

Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest ;

And shepherd girls, from eyes profane shall hide

The gentle bird, who sings of pity best :

For still thy voice shall soft affections move,

And still be dear to sorrow, and to love !

SONNET VIII.

TO SPRING.

AGAIN the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
In many a tint of tender green are drest,
Where the young leaves unfolding, scarce conceal
Beneath their early shade, the half-form'd nest
Of finch or woodlark ; and the primrose pale,
And lavish cowslip, wildly scatter'd round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.
Ah ! season of delight !——could aught be found
To sooth awhile the tortured bosom's pain,
Of Sorrow's rankling shaft to cure the wound,
And bring life's first delusions once again,
Twere surely met in thee !——thy prospect fair,
Thy sounds of harmony, thy balmy air,
Have power to cure all sadness——but despair.





Stothard del.

Neagle sculp.

Published January 1st 1789. by T. Cadell Strand.

On Some rude fragment of the rocky shore..



S O N N E T IX.

BLEST is yon shepherd, on the turf reclined,
Who on the varied clouds which float above
Lies idly gazing——while his vacant mind
Pours out some tale antique of rural love !
Ah ! *he* has never felt the pangs that move
Th' indignant spirit, when with selfish pride,
Friends, on whose faith the trusting heart rely'd,
Unkindly shun th' imploring eye of woe !
The ills they ought to sooth, with taunts deride,
And laugh at tears themselves have forced to flow.
Nor *his* rude bosom those fine feelings melt,
Children of Sentiment and Knowledge born,
Thro' whom each shaft with cruel force is felt,
Empoison'd by deceit——or barb'd with scorn.

SONNET X.

TO MRS. G.

AH! why will Mem'ry with officious care
The long lost visions of my days renew?
Why paint the vernal landscape green and fair,
When life's gay dawn was opening to my view?
Ah! wherefore bring those moments of delight,
When with my Anna, on the southern shore,
I thought the future, as the present bright?
Ye dear delusions!—ye return no more!
Alas! how diff'rent does the truth appear,
From the warm picture youth's rash hand pourtrays!
How fades the scene, as we approach it near,
And pain and sorrow strike—how many ways!
Yet of that tender heart, ah! still retain
A share for me—and I will not complain!

SONNET XI.

TO SLEEP.

COME, balmy Sleep ! tired nature's soft resort !

On these sad temples all thy poppies shed ;
And bid gay dreams, from Morpheus' airy court,
Float in light vision round my aching head !

Secure of all thy blessings, partial Power !

On his hard bed the peasant throws him down ;
And the poor sea boy, in the rudest hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.

Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,
Well may the village girl sweet slumbers prove ;
And they, O gentle Sleep ! still taste thy charms,
Who wake to labour, liberty, and love.

But still thy opiate aid dost thou deny
To calm the anxious breast ; to close the streaming eye.

S O N N E T XII.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.—OCTOBER, 1784.

ON some rude fragment of the rocky shore,
Where on the fractured cliff the billows break,
Musing, my solitary seat I take,
And listen to the deep and solemn roar.

O'er the dark waves the winds tempestuous howl ;
The screaming sea-bird quits the troubled sea :
But the wild gloomy scene has charms for me,
And suits the mournful temper of my soul.

Already shipwreck'd by the storms of Fate,
Like the poor mariner methinks I stand,
Cast on a rock ; who sees the distant land
From whence no succour comes—or comes too late.
Faint and more faint are heard his feeble cries,
'Till in the rising tide the exhausted sufferer dies.

S O N N E T XIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

O H! place me where the burning noon
Forbids the wither'd flower to blow;
Or place me in the frigid zone,
On mountains of eternal snow:
Let me pursue the steps of Fame,
Or Poverty's more tranquil road;
Let youth's warm tide my veins inflame,
Or sixty winters chill my blood:
Tho' my fond soul to Heaven were flown,
Or tho' on earth 'tis doom'd to pine,
Prisoner or free—obscure or known,
My heart, oh, Laura! still is thine.
Whate'er my destiny may be,
That faithful heart still burns for thee!

S O N N E T XIV.

FROM PETRARCH.

LOOSE to the wind her golden tresses stream'd,
Forming bright waves with amorous Zephyr's sighs ;
And tho' averted now, her charming eyes
Then with warm-love, and melting pity beam'd.
Was I deceived ?—Ah ! surely, nymph divine !
That fine suffusion on thy cheek was love ;
What wonder then those beauteous tints should move,
Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine !
Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
Were of a goddess—not a mortal maid ;
Yet tho' thy charms, thy heavenly charms should fade,
My heart, my tender heart could not escape ;
Nor cure for me in time or change be found :
The shaft extracted does not cure the wound !

SONNET XV.

FROM PETRARCH.

WHERE the green leaves exclude the summer beam,
And softly bend as balmy breezes blow,
And where, with liquid lapse, the lucid stream
Across the fretted rock is heard to flow,
Pensive I lay: when she whom Earth conceals,
As if still living, to my eyes appears,
And pitying Heaven her angel form reveals,
To say—‘ Unhappy Petrarch, dry your tears ;
‘ Ah ! why, sad lover ! thus before your time,
‘ In grief and sadness should your life decay,
‘ And like a blighted flower, your manly prime
‘ In vain and hopeless sorrow fade away ?
‘ Ah ! yield not thus to culpable despair,
‘ But raise thine eyes to Heaven—and think I wait thee
‘ there.’

S O N N E T XVI.

FROM PETRARCH.

YE vales and woods! fair scenes of happier hours!
Ye feather'd people, tenants of the grove!
And you, bright stream! befringed with shrubs and flowers,
Behold my grief, ye witnesses of love!

For ye beheld my infant passion rise,
And saw thro' years unchanged my faithful flame;
Now cold, in dust, the beauteous object lies,
And you, ye conscious scenes, are still the same!

While busy Memory still delights to dwell
On all the charms these bitter tears deplore,
And with a trembling hand describes too well
The angel form I shall behold no more!
To Heaven she's fled! and nought to me remains
But the pale ashes which her urn contains.

SONNET XVII.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH CANTATA OF METASTASIO.

ON thy grey bark, in witness of my flame,
I carve Miranda's cypher—Beauteous tree !
Graced with the lovely letters of her name,
Henceforth be sacred to my love and me !
Tho' the tall elm, the oak, and darker pine,
With broader arms, may noon's fierce ardors break,
To shelter me, and her I love, be thine ;
And thine to see her smile and hear her speak.
No bird, ill-omen'd, round thy graceful head
Shall clamour harsh, or wave his heavy wing,
But fern and flowers arise beneath thy shade,
Where the wild bees their lullabies shall sing.
And in thy boughs the murmuring Ring-dove rest ;
And there the Nightingale shall build her nest.

S O N N E T XVIII.

TO THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

WYNDHAM! 'tis not thy blood, tho' pure it runs
Thro' a long line of glorious ancestry,
Percys and Seymours, Britain's boasted sons,
Who trust the honors of their race to thee :

'Tis not thy splendid domes, where science loves
To touch the canvas, and the bust to raise ;
Thy rich domains, fair fields, and spreading groves ;
'Tis not all these the Muse delights to praise :

In birth, and wealth, and honors, great thou art !
But nobler in thy independent mind ;
And in that liberal hand and feeling heart
Given thee by Heaven—a blessing to mankind !
Unworthy oft may titled fortune be ;
A soul like thine—is true Nobility !

SONNET XIX.

TO MR. HAYLEY,

ON RECEIVING SOME ELEGANT LINES FROM HIM.

FOR me the Muse a simple band design'd
Of 'idle' flowers that bloom the woods among,
Which, with the cypress and the willow join'd,
A garland form'd as artless as my song.
And little dared I hope its transient hours
So long would last; composed of buds so brief;
'Till Hayley's hand among the vagrant flowers,
Threw from his verdant crown a deathless leaf.
For high in Fame's bright fane has Judgment placed
The laurel wreath Serena's poet won,
Which, woven with myrtles by the hands of Taste,
The Muse decreed for this her favourite son.
And those immortal leaves his temples shade,
Whose fair, eternal verdure—shall not fade!

SONNET XX.

TO THE COUNTESS OF A——.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE.

ON this blest day may no dark cloud, or shower,
With envious shade the Sun's bright influence hide !
But all his rays illumine the favour'd hour,
That saw thee, Mary !——Henry's lovely bride !

With years revolving may it still arise,
Blest with each good approving Heaven can send !
And still, with ray serene, shall those blue eyes
Enchant the husband, and attach the friend !

For you fair Friendship's amaranth shall blow,
And Love's own thornless roses bind your brow ;
And when—long hence—to happier worlds you go,
Your beauteous race shall be what you are now !
And future Nevills thro' long ages shine,
With hearts as good, and forms as fair as thine !

SONNET XXI.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WERTER.

GO! cruel tyrant of the human breast!

To other hearts thy burning arrows bear;

Go, where fond hope, and fair illusion rest;

Ah! why should love inhabit with despair!

Like the poor maniac I linger here,

Still haunt the scene where all my treasure lies;

Still seek for flowers where only thorns appear,

‘ And drink delicious poison from her eyes!’

Tow’rds the deep gulf that opens on my fight

I hurry forward, Passion’s helpless slave!

And scorning Reason’s mild and sober light,

Pursue the path that leads me to the grave!

So round the flame the giddy insect flies,

And courts the fatal fire by which it dies!

SONNET XXII.

BY THE SAME.

TO SOLITUDE.

OH, Solitude! to thy sequester'd vale
I come to hide my sorrow and my tears,
And to thy echoes tell the mournful tale
Which scarce I trust to pitying Friendship's ears!
Amidst thy wild-woods, and untrodden glades,
No sounds but those of melancholy move;
And the low winds that die among thy shades,
Seem like soft Pity's sighs for hopeless love!
And sure some story of despair and pain,
In yon deep copse, thy murm'ring doves relate;
And, hark! methinks in that long plaintive strain,
Thine own sweet songstress weeps my wayward fate!
Ah, Nymph! that fate assist me to endure,
And bear awhile——what death alone can cure!

SONNET XXIII.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE NORTH STAR.

To thy bright beams I turn my swimming eyes,
Fair, fav'rite planet! which in happier days
Saw my young hopes, ah! faithless hopes!—arise,
And on my passion shed propitious rays!
Now nightly wandering 'mid the tempests drear
That howl the woods and rocky steeps among,
I love to see thy sudden light appear
Thro' the swift clouds—driven by the wind along:
Or in the turbid water, rude and dark,
O'er whose wild stream the gust of Winter raves,
Thy trembling light with pleasure still I mark,
Gleam in faint radiance on the foaming waves!
So o'er my soul short rays of reason fly,
Then fade:—and leave me to despair, and die!

SONNET XXIV.

BY THE SAME.

MAKE there my tomb, beneath the lime-tree's shade,
Where grass and flowers in wild luxuriance wave ;
Let no memorial mark where I am laid,
Or point to common eyes the lover's grave !
But oft at twilight morn, or closing day,
The faithful friend with fault'ring step shall glide,
Tributes of fond regret by stealth to pay,
And sigh o'er the unhappy suicide !
And sometimes, when the Sun with parting rays
Gilds the long grass that hides my silent bed,
The tear shall tremble in my CHARLOTTE's eyes ;
Dear, precious drops !—they shall embalm the dead !
Yes—CHARLOTTE o'er the mournful spot shall weep,
Where her poor WERTER—and his sorrows sleep !

SONNET XXV.

BY THE SAME.

JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.

de, WHY should I wish to hold in this low sphere
‘ A frail and feverish being ?’ wherefore try
Poorly from day to day to linger here,
Against the powerful hand of Destiny ?
By those who know the force of hopeless care
On the worn heart—I sure shall be forgiven,
If to elude dark guilt, and dire despair,
I go uncall’d—to mercy and to Heaven !
O thou ! to save whose peace I now depart,
Will thy soft mind thy poor lost friend deplore,
When worms shall feed on this devoted heart,
Where even thy image shall be found no more ?
Yet may thy pity mingle not with pain,
For then thy hapless lover—dies in vain !

SONNET XXVI.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

ON thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear,
Yet shall the mournful Muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustic waves be dear.
For with the infant Otway, lingering here,
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear,
And still the poet—consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and birch that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring ;
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest Nightingale delight to sing :
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate !



Stothard del.

Thornthwaite sculp.

Published Jan^y 1. 1789. by T. Cadell Strand.

For with the infant Ohway lingering here.



SONNET XXVII.

SIGHING I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouch'd; unhurt by care;
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
‘Content and careless of to-morrow’s fare!’
O happy age! when Hope’s unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And, to deaf pride, misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah!—for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart—and fill mine eyes with tears!

SONNET XXVIII.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

O THOU! whose name too often is profaned;
Whose charms, celestial, few have hearts to feel!
Unknown to Folly—and by Pride disdain'd!
—To thy soft solace may my sorrows steal!
Like the fair Moon, thy mild and genuine ray
Thro' life's long evening shall unclouded last;
While pleasure's frail attachments fleet away,
As fades the rainbow from the northern blast!
'Tis thine, O Nymph! with 'balmy hands to bind'
The wounds inflicted in misfortune's storm,
And blunt severe affliction's sharpest dart!
—'Tis thy pure spirit warms my Anna's mind,
Beams thro' the pensive softness of her form,
And holds its altar—on her spotless heart!

SONNET XXIX.

TO MISS C——

ON BEING DESIRED TO ATTEMPT WRITING
A COMEDY.

WOULD'ST thou then have *me* tempt the comic
scene

Of gay Thalia? used so long to tread
The gloomy paths of sorrow's cypress shade;
And the lorn lay with sighs and tears to stain?
Alas! how much unfit her sprightly vein,
Arduous to try!—and seek the sunny mead,
And bowers of roses, where she loves to lead
The sportive subjects of her golden reign!
Enough for me, if still, to sooth my days,
Her fair and pensive sister condescend,
With tearful smile to bless my simple lays;
Enough, if her soft notes she sometimes lend,
To gain for me of feeling hearts the praise,
And chiefly thine, my ever partial friend!

S O N N E T XXX.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

BE the proud Thames of trade the busy mart !
Arun ! to thee will other praise belong ;
Dear to the lover's, and the mourner's heart,
And ever sacred to the sons of song !

Thy banks romantic hopeless Love shall seek,
Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts ;
And Sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek
Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts !

Banks ! which inspired thy Otway's plaintive strain !
Wilds !—whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful shell ! yet once again
Another poet—Hayley is thine own !
Thy classic stream anew shall hear a lay,
Bright as its waves, and various as its way !

SONNET XXXI.

WRITTEN ON FARM WOOD, SOUTH DOWNS,
IN MAY 1784.

SPRING's dewy hand on this fair summit weaves
The downy grafs, with tufts of Alpine flowers,
And shades the beechen slopes with tender leaves,
And leads the shepherd to his upland bowers,
Strewn with wild thyme ; while flow-descending showers
Feed the green ear, and nurse the future sheaves !
—Ah ! blest the hind—whom no sad thought bereaves
Of the gay Season's pleasures !—All his hours
To wholesome labour given, or thoughtless mirth ;
No pangs of sorrow past, or coming dread,
Bend his unconscious spirit down to earth,
Or chase calm slumbers from his careless head !
Ah ! what to me can those dear days restore,
When scenes could charm that now I taste no more !

SONNET XXXII.

TO MELANCHOLY.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE ARUN,

OCTOBER 1785,

WHEN latest Autumn spreads her evening veil,
And the grey mists from these dim waves arise,
I love to listen to the hollow sighs,
Thro' the half-leafless wood that breathes the gale :
For at such hours the shadowy phantom, pale,
Oft seems to fleet before the poet's eyes ;
Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies,
As of night-wanderers, who their woes bewail !
Here, by his native stream, at such an hour,
Pity's own Otway I methinks could meet,
And hear his deep sighs swell the sadden'd wind !
O Melancholy !—such thy magic power,
That to the soul these dreams are often sweet,
And sooth the pensive visionary mind !

SONNET XXXIII.

TO THE NAIAD OF THE ARUN.

GO, rural Naiad! wind thy stream along
Thro' woods and wilds: then seek the ocean caves
Where sea-nymphs meet their coral rocks among,
To boast the various honors of their waves!
'Tis but a little, o'er thy shallow tide,
That toiling trade her burden'd vessel leads;
But laurels grow luxuriant on thy fide,
And letters live along thy classic meads.
Lo! where 'mid British bards thy natives shine!
And now another poet helps to raise
Thy glory high—the poet of the MINE!
Whose brilliant talents are his smallest praise:
And who, to all that genius can impart,
Adds the cool head, and the unblemish'd heart!

S O N N E T XXXIV.

TO A FRIEND.

CHARM'D by thy suffrage, shall I yet aspire
 (All inauspicious as my fate appears,
 By troubles darken'd, that increase with years,)
To guide the crayon, or to touch the lyre ?
Ah me !——the sister Muses still require
 A spirit free from all intrusive fears,
 Nor will they deign to wipe away the tears
Of vain regret, that dim their sacred fire.
But when thy envied sanction crowns my lays,
 A ray of pleasure lights my languid mind,
For well I know the value of thy praise ;
 And to how few the flattering meed confin'd,
 That thou,—their highly favour'd brows to bind,
Wilt weave green myrtle and unfading bays !

SONNET XXXV.

TO FORTITUDE.

NYMPH of the rock! whose dauntless spirit braves
The beating storm, and bitter winds that howl
Round thy cold breast; and hear'st the bursting waves
And the deep thunder with unshaken soul;
Oh come!—and shew how vain the cares that press
On my weak bosom—and how little worth
Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,
That still misleads the wanderers of the earth!
Strengthen'd by thee, this heart shall cease to melt
O'er ills that poor humanity must bear;
Nor friends estranged, or ties dissolved be felt
To leave regret, and fruitless anguish there:
And when at length it heaves its latest sigh,
Thou and mild Hope shall teach me how to die!

S O N N E T XXXVI.

SHOULD the lone Wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose ;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy !
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come,
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb ;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.



Carbould del

W. G. W. sculp

Published as the Act directs by T. Cadell Strand Jan^y 1789.

*Her pencil sickening fancy throws away
And weary hope reclines upon the tomb.*



SONNET XXXVII.

SENT TO THE HONORABLE MRS. O'NEILL,
WITH PAINTED FLOWERS.

THE poet's fancy takes from Flora's realm
Her buds and leaves to dress fictitious powers,
With the green olive shades Minerva's helm,
And gives to Beauty's Queen the Queen of flowers.
But what gay blossoms of luxuriant Spring,
With rose, mimosa, amaranth entwined,
Shall fabled Sylphs and fairy people bring,
As a just emblem of the lovely mind?
In vain the mimic pencil tries to blend
The glowing dyes that dress the flowery race,
Scented and colour'd by an hand divine!
Ah! not less vainly would the Muse pretend
On her weak lyre, to sing the native grace
And native goodness of a soul like thine!

SONNET XXXVIII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF EMMELINE.

WHEN welcome slumber sets my spirit free,
Forth to fictitious happiness it flies,
And where Elysian bowers of bliss arise,
I seem, my Emmeline—to meet with thee!
Ah! Fancy then, dissolving human ties,
Gives me the wishes of my soul to see;
Tears of fond pity fill thy soften'd eyes:
In heavenly harmony—our hearts agree.
Alas! these joys are mine in dreams alone,
When cruel Reason abdicates her throne!
Her harsh return condemns me to complain
Thro' life unpitied, unrelieved, unknown.
And as the dear delusions leave my brain,
She bids the truth recur—with aggravated pain.

SONNET XXXIX.

TO NIGHT.

FROM THE SAME.

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited Night !
When the faint Moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf cold elements complain,
And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
To fullen furies and the viewless wind.
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art ;
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched ; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven !

SONNET XL.

FROM THE SAME.

FAR on the sands, the low, retiring tide,
In distant murmurs hardly seems to flow ;
And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
The fighting summer wind forgets to blow.
As sinks the day-star in the rosy West,
The silent wave, with rich reflection glows :
Alas ! can tranquil nature give *me* rest,
Or scenes of beauty sooth me to repose ?
Can the soft lustre of the sleeping main,
Yon radiant heaven, or all creation's charms,
"Erase the written troubles of the brain,"
Which Memory tortures, and which guilt alarms ?
Or bid a bosom transient quiet prove,
That bleeds with vain remorse and unextinguish'd love !

SONNET XLI.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found——Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'ft to fit
Of sleeping infants——watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet flumberers easy lie;
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer——hopes to die.
Oh! beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign;
Where hope alike, and vain regret shall cease,
And Memory——lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine!

S O N N E T XLII.

COMPOSED DURING A WALK ON THE DOWNS,
IN NOVEMBER 1787.

THE dark and pillowy cloud, the fallow trees,
Seem o'er the ruins of the year to mourn ;
And, cold and hollow, the inconstant breeze
Sobs thro' the falling leaves and wither'd fern.
O'er the tall brow of yonder chalky bourn,
The evening shades their gather'd darkness fling,
While, by the lingering light, I scarce discern
The shrieking night-jar fail on heavy wing.
Ah ! yet a little—and propitious Spring
Crown'd with fresh flowers shall wake the woodland
strain ;
But no gay change revolving seasons bring
To call forth pleasure from the soul of pain ;
Bid Syren Hope resume her long-lost part,
And chase the vulture Care—that feeds upon the heart.

SONNET XLIII.

THE unhappy exile, whom his fates confine
To the bleak coast of some unfriendly isle,
Cold, barren, desert, where no harvests smile,
But thirst and hunger on the rocks repine ;
When, from some promontory's fearful brow,
Sun after sun he hopeless sees decline
In the broad shipless sea——perhaps may know
Such heartless pain, such blank despair as mine ;
And, if a flattering cloud appears to show
The fancied semblance of a distant sail,
Then melts away——anew his spirits fail,
While the lost hope but aggravates his woe !
Ah ! so for me delusive Fancy toils,
Then, from contrasted truth——my feeble soul recoils,

SONNET XLIV.

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT MIDDLETON
IN SUSSEX.

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the Western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed ;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave !
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore
Lo ! their bones whiten in the frequent wave ;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave ;
They hear the warring elements no more :
While I am doom'd—by life's long storm oppress'd,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

S O N N E T XLV.

ON LEAVING A PART OF SUSSEX.

FAREWEL, Aruna!—on whose varied shore
My early vows were paid to Nature's shrine,
When thoughtless joy, and infant hope were mine,
And whose lorn stream has heard me since deplore
Too many forrows! Sighing I resign
Thy solitary beauties—and no more
Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline,
Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore
On air-drawn phantoms—While in Fancy's ear
As in the evening wind thy murmurs swell,
The Enthusiast of the Lyre who wander'd here,
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear,
Or wake wild frenzy—from her hideous cell!

S O N N E T XLVI.

WRITTEN AT PENSURST, IN AUTUMN 1788.

YE towers sublime ! deserted now and drear !
Ye woods ! deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past :
And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant horn !
The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace ;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Saved by the historic page—the poet's tender lay !

SONNET XLVII.

TO FANCY.

THEE, Queen of Shadows!—shall I still invoke,
Still love the scenes thy sportive pencil drew,
When on mine eyes the early radiance broke
Which shew'd the beauteous rather than the true!
Alas! long since those glowing tints are dead,
And now 'tis thine in darkest hues to dress
The spot where pale Experience hangs her head
O'er the sad grave of murder'd Happiness!
Thro' thy false medium, then, no longer view'd,
May fancied pain and fancied pleasure fly,
And I, as from me all thy dreams depart,
Be to my wayward destiny subdued:
Nor seek perfection with a poet's eye,
Nor suffer anguish with a poet's heart!

SONNET XLVIII.

TO MRS. * * * *

No more my wearied soul attempts to stray
From sad reality and vain regret,
Nor courts enchanting fiction to allay
Sorrows that sense refuses to forget :
For of calamity so long the prey,
Imagination now has lost her powers,
Nor will her fairy loom again essay
To dress affliction in a robe of flowers.
But if no more the bowers of Fancy bloom,
Let one superior scene attract my view,
Where Heaven's pure rays the sacred spot illumine,
Let *thy* loved hand with palm and amaranth strew
The mournful path approaching to the tomb,
While Faith's consoling voice endears the friendly gloom.

SONNET XLIX.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN A
CHURCH-YARD, OVER THE GRAVE OF
A YOUNG WOMAN OF NINETEEN.

THOU ! who sleep'st where hazle-bands entwine
The vernal grafs, with paler violets drest ;
I would, sweet maid ! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more by human ills opprest
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :
Thou canst not now thy fondest hopes resign
Even in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth who once thy simple heart posselt
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him shall faithful Memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

S O N N E T L.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

FAREWEL, ye lawns!—by fond remembrance blest,
As witnessers of gay unclouded hours ;
Where, to maternal friendship's bosom prest,
My happy childhood past amid your bowers.
Ye wood-walks wild!—where leaves and fairy flowers
By Spring's luxuriant hand are strewn anew ;
Rocks!—whence with shadowy grace rude nature lours
O'er glens and haunted streams!—a long adieu !
And you!—O promised Happiness!—whose voice
Deluded Fancy heard in every grove,
Bidding this tender, trusting heart, rejoice
In the bright prospect of unfailing love :
Tho' lost to me—still may thy smile serene
Bless the dear lord of this regretted scene.

S O N N E T L I.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE
HEBRIDES.

ON this lone island, whose unfruitful breast
Feeds but the Summer-shepherd's little flock
With scanty herbage from the half-clothed rock,
Where osprays, cormorants, and sea-mews rest ;
Even in a scene so desolate and rude
I could with *thee* for months and years be blest ;
And of thy tenderness and love possess,
Find all *my* world in this wild solitude !
When Summer suns these Northern seas illumine,
With thee admire the light's reflected charms,
And when drear Winter spreads his cheerless gloom,
Still find Elysium in thy sheltering arms :
For thou to me canst sovereign bliss impart,
Thy mind my empire—and my throne thy heart.

SONNET LII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

THE PILGRIM.

FAULTERING and sad the unhappy Pilgrim roves,
Who, on the eve of bleak December's night,
Divided far from all he fondly loves,
Journeys alone, along the giddy height
Of these steep cliffs, and as the Sun's last ray
Fades in the West, sees, from the rocky verge,
Dark tempest scowling o'er the shortened day,
And hears, with ear appall'd, the impetuous surge
Beneath him thunder!—So, with heart oppress'd,
Alone, reluctant, desolate, and slow,
By Friendship's cheering radiance *now* unblest,
Along Life's rudest path I seem to go;
Nor see where yet the anxious heart may rest,
That, trembling at the past—recoils from future woe.

S O N N E T LIII.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

THE LAPLANDER.

THE shivering native, who by Tenglio's side
Beholds with fond regret the parting light
Sink far away, beneath the darkening tide,
And leave him to long months of dreary night,
Yet knows, that springing from the eastern wave
The Sun's glad beams shall re-illumine his way,
And from the snows secured—within his cave
He waits in patient hope—returning day.
Not so the sufferer feels, who, o'er the waste
Of joyless life, is destin'd to deplore
Fond love forgotten, tender friendship past,
Which, once extinguish'd, can revive no more!
O'er the blank void he looks with hopeless pain;
For him those beams of heaven shall never shine again.

S O N N E T LIV.

THE SLEEPING WOODMAN.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1790.

YE copses wild, where April bids arise
The vernal grasses, and the early flowers;
My soul depress'd—from human converse flies
To the lone shelter of your pathless bowers.

Lo!—where the Woodman, with his toil oppress'd,
His careless head on bark and moss reclined,
Lull'd by the song of birds, the murmuring wind,
Has sunk to calm tho' momentary rest.

Ah! would 'twere mine in Spring's green lap to find
Such transient respite from the ills I bear!
Would I could taste, like this unthinking hind,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care,
Till the last sleep these weary eyes shall close,
And Death receive me to his long repose.

SONNET LV.

THE RETURN OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WRITTEN IN MAY 1791.

BORNE on the warm wing of the western gale,
How tremulously low is heard to float
Thro' the green budding thorns that fringe the vale,
The early Nightingale's prelusive note.

'Tis Hope's instinctive power that thro' the grove
Tells how benignant Heaven revives the earth ;
'Tis the soft voice of young and timid love
That calls these melting sounds of sweetness forth.

With transport, once, sweet bird ! I hail'd thy lay,
And bade thee welcome to our shades again,
To charm the wandering poet's pensive way
And sooth the solitary lover's pain ;
But now !——such evils in my lot combine,
As shut my languid sense—to Hope's dear voice and
thine !

S O N N E T LVI.

THE CAPTIVE ESCAPED IN THE WILDS OF AMERICA,

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. O'NEILL.

I F, by his torturing, savage foes untraced,
The breathless Captive gain some trackless glade,
Yet hears the war-whoop howl along the waste,
And dreads the reptile-monsters of the shade;
The giant reeds that murmur round the flood,
Seem to conceal some hideous form beneath;
And every hollow blast that shakes the wood,
Speaks to his trembling heart of woe and death.
With horror fraught, and desolate dismay,
On such a wanderer falls the starless night;
But if, far streaming, a propitious ray
Leads to some amicable fort his sight,
He hails the beam benign that guides his way,
As I, my Harriet, bless thy friendship's cheering light.

SONNET LVII.

TO DEPENDENCE.

DEPENDENCE! heavy, heavy are thy chains,
And happier they who from the dangerous sea,
Or the dark mine, procure with ceaseless pains
An hard-earn'd pittance——than who trust to thee!
More blest the hind, who from his bed of flock
Starts——when the birds of morn their summons give,
And waken'd by the lark——“ the shepherd's clock,”
Lives but to labour——labouring but to live.
More noble than the sycophant, whose art
Must heap with taudry flowers thy hated shrine ;
I envy not the meed thou canst impart
To crown *his* service——while, tho' Pride combine
With Fraud to crush me——my unfetter'd heart
Still to the Mountain Nymph may offer mine.

S O N N E T LVIII.

THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN on some balmy-breathing night of Spring
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth, of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell beats the sparkling dew ;
He sees before his inexperienced eyes
The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, shine
On the turf-bank ;—amazed, and pleased, he cries,
“ Star of the dewy grass!—I make thee mine !”—
Then, ere he sleep, collects “ the moisten’d ” flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that Fairy-lamps illumine his bower :
Yet with the morning shudders to behold
His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust !
—So turn the World’s bright joys to cold and blank
disgust.

SONNET LIX.

WRITTEN SEPT. 1791, DURING A REMARKABLE
THUNDER STORM, IN WHICH THE MOON WAS
PERFECTLY CLEAR, WHILE THE TEMPEST
GATHERED IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS
NEAR THE EARTH.

WHAT awful pageants crowd the evening sky!
The low horizon gathering vapours shroud,
Sudden, from many a deep-embattled cloud
Terrific thunders burst and lightnings fly—
While in sereneft azure, beaming high,
Night's regent, of her calm pavilion proud,
Gilds the dark shadows that beneath her lie,
Unvex'd by all their conflicts fierce and loud.
—So, in unfullied dignity elate,
A fpirit confcious of fuperior worth,
In placid elevation firmly great,
Scorns the vain cares that give Contention birth;
And bleft with peace above the fhocks of Fate,
Smiles at the tumult of the troubled earth.

ODE TO DESPAIR.

FROM THE NOVEL OF EMMELINE.

THOU spectre of terrific mein!

Lord of the hopeless heart and hollow eye,
In whose fierce train each form is seen

That drives sick Reason to insanity!

I woo thee with unusual prayer,

“Grim visaged, comfortless Despair:”

Approach; in me a willing victim find,

Who seeks thine iron sway—and calls thee kind!

Ah! hide for ever from my sight

The faithless flatterer Hope—whose pencil, gay,
Pourtrays some vision of delight,

Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;

While in dire contrast, to mine eyes,

Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, rise,

And Memory draws from Pleasure's wither'd flower,
Corrosives for the heart—of fatal power !

I bid the traitor Love, adieu !

Who to this fond believing bosom came,
A guest insidious and untrue,

With Pity's soothing voice—in Friendship's name ;
The wounds *he* gave, nor Time shall cure,
Nor Reason teach me to endure.

And to that breast mild Patience pleads in vain,
Which feels the curse—of meriting its pain.

Yet not to me, tremendous Power !

Thy worst of spirit-wounding pangs impart,
With which, in dark conviction's hour,

Thou strikest the guilty unrepentant heart

But of illusion long the sport,

That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,

Where my past errors I may still deplore,

And dream of long-lost happiness no more !

To thee I give this tortured breast,

Where Hope arises but to foster pain ;

Ah ! lull its agonies to rest !

Ah ! let me never be deceived again !

But callous, in thy deep repose,

Behold, in long array, the woes

Of the dread future, calm and undismay'd,

Till I may claim the hope—that shall not fade !





Corbould del.

Hosk. sculp.

Published Jan^r 21st 1789. by T. Cadell Strand..

E L E G Y.

‘DARK gathering clouds involve the threatening
‘ skies,

‘ The sea heaves conscious of the impending gloom,
‘ Deep, hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise ;
‘ They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come !

‘ Oh ! may such terrors mark the approaching night
‘ As reign’d on that these streaming eyes deplore !
‘ Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
‘ And with conflicting winds ye waters roar !

‘ Loud and more loud, ye foaming billows, burst !
‘ Ye warring elements, more fiercely rave !
‘ Till the wide waves o’erwhelm the spot accurst
“ Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave !”

Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and streaming hair,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
A wretched maid—the victim of despair,
Survey'd the threatening storm and desert beech :

Then to the tomb where now the father slept
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

' Lo ! rising there above each humbler heap,
' Yon cypher'd stones *his* name and wealth relate,
' Who gave his son—remorseless—to the deep,
' While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

' Oh ! my lost love ! no tomb is placed for thee,
' That may to strangers eyes thy worth impart ;
' Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
' And no memorial but this breaking heart.

- ‘ Forth to the world, a widow’d wanderer driven,
‘ I pour to winds and waves the unheeded tear,
‘ Try with vain effort to submit to Heaven,
‘ And fruitless call on him—“ who cannot hear.”
- ‘ Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
‘ While o’er my head the infuriate billows pour,
‘ Forget in death this agonizing pain,
‘ And feel his father’s cruelty no more!
- ‘ Part, raging waters! part, and shew beneath,
‘ In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form ;
‘ Now, while the demons of despair and death
‘ Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!
- ‘ Lo! by the lightning’s momentary blaze,
‘ I see him rise the whitening waves above,
‘ No longer such as when in happier days
‘ He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love.

-
- ‘ Such, as when daring the enchafed sea,
 ‘ And courting dangerous toil, he often said
‘ That every peril, one soft smile from me,
 ‘ One sigh of speechless tenderness o’erpaid.
- ‘ But dead, disfigured, while between the roar
 ‘ Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
‘ And seem to say—Ah, wretch! delay no more,
 ‘ But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.
- ‘ Yet, powerful Fancy, bid the phantom stay,
 ‘ Still let me hear him!—’Tis already past;
‘ Along the waves his shadow glides away,
 ‘ I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.
- ‘ Ah! wild illusion, born of frantic pain!
 ‘ He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
‘ My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
 ‘ The insatiate Ocean gives not up its dead.

‘ ’Tis not his voice ! Hark ! the deep thunders roll ;
‘ Upheaves the ground ; the rocky barriers fail ;
‘ Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
‘ Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail !’

The Ocean hears——The embodied waters come—
Rise o’er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor’s tomb,
And bear the injured to eternal sleep !

S O N G.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL BERNIS.

I.

FRUIT of Aurora's tears, fair rose,
On whose soft leaves fond Zephyrs play,
Oh ! queen of flowers, thy buds disclose,
And give thy fragrance to the day ;
Unveil thy transient charms :—ah, no !
A little be thy bloom delay'd,
Since the same hour that bids thee blow,
Shall see thee droop thy languid head.

II.

But go ! and on Themira's breast
Find, happy flower ! thy throne and tomb ;
While, jealous of a fate so blest,
How shall I envy thee thy doom !

Should some rude hand approach thee there,
Guard the sweet shrine thou wilt adorn ;
Ah ! punish those who rashly dare,
And for my rivals keep thy thorn.

III.

Love shall himself thy boughs compose,
And bid thy wanton leaves divide ;
He'll shew thee how, my lovely rose,
To deck her bosom, not to hide :
And thou shalt tell the cruel maid
How frail are youth and beauty's charms,
And teach her, ere her own shall fade,
To give them to her lover's arms.

THE
ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

WHEN Jove, in anger to the sons of earth,
Bid artful Vulcan give Pandora birth,
And sent the fatal gift which spread below
O'er all the wretched race contagious woe,
Unhappy man, by vice and folly tost,
Found in the storms of life his quiet lost,
While Envy, Avarice, and Ambition, hurl'd
Discord and death around the warring world ;
Then the blest peasant left his fields and fold,
And barter'd love and peace for power and gold ;
Left his calm cottage and his native plain,
In search of wealth to tempt the faithless main ;
Or, braving danger, in the battle stood,
And bathed his savage hands in human blood ;

No longer then, his woodland walks among,
The shepherd lad his genuine passion sung,
Or fought at early morn his soul's delight,
Or graved her name upon the bark at night ;
To deck her flowing hair no more he wove
The simple wreath, or with ambitious love
Bound his own brow with myrtle or with bay,
But broke his pipe, or threw his crook away.
The nymphs forsaken, other pleasures sought ;
Then first for gold their venal hearts were bought,
And nature's blush to sickly art gave place,
And affectation seized the seat of grace :
No more simplicity by sense refined,
Or generous sentiment, possess'd the mind ;
No more they felt each other's joy and woe,
And Cupid fled, and hid his useless bow.
But with deep grief propitious Venus pined,
To see the ills which threaten'd womankind ;
Ills that she knew her empire would disarm,
And rob her subjects of their sweetest charm ;

Good humour's potent influence destroy,
And change for lowering frowns the smile of joy,
Then deeply sighing at the mournful view,
She try'd at length what heavenly art could do
To bring back Pleasure to her pensive train,
And vindicate the glories of her reign.
A thousand little loves attend the task,
And bear from Mars's head his radiant casque,
The fair enchantress on its silver bound
Weaved with soft spells her magic cestus round,
Then shaking from her hair ambrosial dew,
Infused fair hope, and expectation new,
And stifled wishes, and persuasive sighs,
And fond belief, and 'eloquence of eyes,'
And falt'ring accents, which explain so well
What studied speeches vainly try to tell ;
And more pathetic silence, which imparts
Infectious tenderness to feeling hearts ;
Soft tones of pity ; fascinating smiles ;
And Maia's son assisted her with wiles,

And brought gay dreams, fantastic visions brought,
And waved his wand o'er the seducing draught.
Then Zephyr came : to him the goddess cry'd,
' Go fetch from Flora all her flowery pride
' To fill my charm, each scented bud that blows,
' And bind my myrtles with her thornless rose ;
' Then speed thy flight to Gallia's smiling plain,
' Where rolls the Loire, the Garonne, and the Seine ;
' Dip in their waters thy celestial wing,
' And the soft dew to fill my chalice bring ;
' But chiefly tell thy Flora, that to me
' She send a bouquet of her fleurs de lys ;
' That poignant spirit will complete my spell.'
——'Tis done : the lovely forcerefs says 'tis well.
And now Apollo lends a ray of fire,
The cauldron bubbles, and the flames aspire ;
The watchful Graces round the circle dance,
With arms entwined to mark the work's advance ;
And with full quiver sportive Cupid came,
Temp'ring his favourite arrows in the flame.

Then Venus speaks, the wavering flames retire,
And Zephyr's breath extinguishes the fire.
At length the goddess in the helmet's round
A sweet and subtil spirit duly found,
More soft than oil, than æther more refined,
Of power to cure the woes of womankind,
And call'd it Flattery :—balm of female life,
It charms alike the widow, maid, and wife ;
Clears the sad brow of virgins in despair,
And smooths the cruel traces left by care ;
Bids palsied age with youthful spirit glow,
And hangs May's garlands on December's snow.
Delicious essence ! howsoe'er apply'd,
By what rude nature is thy charm deny'd ?
Some form seducing still thy whisper wears,
Stern Wisdom turns to thee her willing ears,
And Prudery listens and forgets her fears.
The rustic nymph whom rigid aunts restrain,
Condemn'd to dress, and practise airs in vain,

}

At thy first summons finds her bosom swell,
And bids her crabbed gouvernantes farewell ;
While, fired by thee with spirit not her own,
She grows a toast, and rises into *ton*.
The faded beauty who with secret pain
Sees younger charms usurp her envied reign,
By thee assisted, can with smiles behold
The record where her conquests are enroll'd ;
And dwelling yet on scenes by memory nursed,
When George the Second reign'd, or George the First ;
She sees the shades of ancient beaux arise,
Who swear her eyes exceeded modern eyes,
When poets sung for her, and lovers bled,
And giddy fashion follow'd as she led.
Departed modes appear in long array,
The flowers and flounces of her happier day ;
Again her locks the decent fillets bind,
The waving lappet flutters in the wind,
And then comparing with a proud disdain
The more fantastic tastes that now obtain,

She deems ungraceful, trifling and absurd,
The gayer world that moves round George the Third.
Nor thy soft influence will the train refuse,
Who court in distant shades the modest Muse,
Tho' in a form more pure and more refined,
Thy soothing spirit meets the letter'd mind.
Not Death itself thine empire can destroy ;
Tow'rds thee, even then, we turn the languid eye ;
Still trust in thee to bid our memory bloom,
And scatter roses round the silent tomb.

THE
PEASANT OF THE ALPS.

FROM THE NOVEL OF CELESTINA.

WHERE cliffs arise by winter crown'd,
And thro' dark groves of pine around,
Down the deep chafms the snow-fed torrents foam,
Within some hollow, shelter'd from the storms,
The PEASANT of the ALPS his cottage forms,
And builds his humble, happy home.

Unenvied is the rich domain,
That far beneath him on the plain
Waves its wide harvests and its olive groves;
More dear to him his hut with plantain thatch'd,
Where long his unambitious heart attach'd,
Finds all he wishes, all he loves.

There dwells the mistress of his heart,
And *Love*, who teaches every art,
Has bid him dress the spot with fondest care ;
When borrowing from the vale its fertile soil,
He climbs the precipice with patient toil,
To plant her favorite flowrets there.

With native shrubs, an hardy race,
There the green myrtle finds a place,
And roses there the dewy leaves decline ;
While from the craggs abrupt, and tangled steep,
With bloom and fruit the Alpine berry peeps,
And, blushing, mingles with the vine.

His garden's simple produce stored,
Prepared for him by hands adored,
Is all the little luxury he knows .
And by the same dear hands are softly spread,
The Chamois' velvet spoil that forms the bed,
Where in her arms he finds repose.

But absent from the calm abode,
Dark thunder gathers round his road,
Wild raves the wind, the arrowy lightnings flash,
Returning quick the murmuring rocks among,
His faint heart trembling as he winds along ;
Alarm'd—he listens to the crash

Of rifted ice!—Oh, man of woe!
O'er his dear cot—a mass of snow,
By the storm fever'd from the cliff above,
Has fallen—and buried in its marble breast,
All that for him—lost wretch—the world possest,
His home, his happiness, his love!

Aghast the heart-struck mourner stands,
Glazed are his eyes—convulsed his hands,
O'erwhelming anguish checks his labouring breath ;
Crush'd by despair's intolerable weight,
Frantic he seeks the mountain's giddiest height,
And headlong seeks relief in death.

A fate too similar is mine,
But I—in lingering pain repine,
And still my lost felicity deplore ;
Cold, cold to me is that dear breast become
Where this poor heart had fondly fix'd its home,
And love and happiness are mine no more.

S O N G.

DOES Pity give, tho' Fate denies,
And to my wounds her balm impart?
O speak—with those expressive eyes!
Let one low sigh escape thine heart.

The gazing croud shall never guess
What anxious, watchful Love can see;
Nor know what those soft looks express,
Nor dream that sigh is meant for me.

Ah! words are useless, words are vain,
Thy generous sympathy to prove;
And well that sigh, those looks explain,
That Clara mourns my hapless love.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H——Y.

IN early youth's unclouded scene,
The brilliant morning of eighteen,
With health and sprightly joy elate
 We gazed on life's enchanting spring,
 Nor thought how quickly time would bring
The mournful period——Thirty-eight.

Then the starch maid, or matron sage,
Already of that sober age,
We view'd with mingled scorn and hate ;
 In whose sharp words, or sharper face,
 With thoughtless mirth we loved to trace
The sad effects of——Thirty-eight.

Till faddening, sickening at the view,
We learn'd to dread what Time might do ;
And then preferr'd a prayer to Fate
 To end our days ere that arrived ;
 When (power and pleasure long survived)
We met neglect and——Thirty-eight.

But Time, in spite of wishes flies,
And Fate our simple prayer denies,
And bids us Death's own hour await :
 The auburn locks are mix'd with grey,
 The transient roses fade away,
But Reason comes at——Thirty-eight.

Her voice the anguish contradicts
That dying vanity inflicts ;
Her hand new pleasures can create,
 For us she opens to the view
 Prospects less bright—but far more true,
And bids us smile at——Thirty-eight.

No more shall *Scandal's* breath destroy
The social converse we enjoy
With bard or critic tête à tête ;—
O'er Youth's bright blooms her blights shall pour,
But spare the improving friendly hour
That Science gives to——Thirty-eight.

Stripp'd of their gaudy hues by Truth,
We view the glitt'ring toys of youth,
And blush to think how poor the bait
For which to public scenes we ran
And scorn'd of sober Sense the plan
Which gives content at——Thirty-eight.

Tho' Time's inexorable sway
Has torn the myrtle bands away,
For other wreaths 'tis not too late,
The amaranth's purple glow survives,
And still Minerva's olive lives
On the calm brow of——Thirty-eight.

With eye more steady we engage
To contemplate approaching age,
And life more justly estimate ;
 With firmer souls, and stronger powers,
 With reason, faith, and friendship ours,
 We'll not regret the stealing hours
That lead from Thirty—even to Forty-eight.

V E R S E S

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PREFIXED TO THE NOVEL
OF EMMELINE, BUT THEN SUPPRESSED.

O'ERWHELM'D with sorrow, and sustaining long
"The proud man's contumely, th' oppressor's wrong,"
Languid despondency, and vain regret,
Must my exhausted spirit struggle yet?
Yes!—Robb'd myself of all that fortune gave,
Even of all hope—but shelter in the grave,
Still shall the plaintive lyre essay its powers
To dress the cave of Care with Fancy's flowers,
Maternal Love the fiend Despair withstand,
Still animate the heart and guide the hand.
—May you, dear objects of my anxious care,
Escape the evils I was born to bear!
Round *my* devoted head while tempests roll,
Yet there, where I have treasured up my soul,

May the soft rays of dawning hope impart
Reviving Patience to my fainting heart ;—
And when its sharp solitudes shall cease,
May I be conscious in the realms of peace
That every tear which swells my children's eyes,
From sorrows past, not present ills arise.
Then, with some friend who loves to share your pain,
For 'tis my boast that *some* such friends remain,
By filial grief, and fond remembrance prest,
You'll seek the spot where all my sorrows rest ;
Recal my hapless days in sad review,
The long calamities I bore for you,
And—with an happier fate—resolve to prove
How well you merited—your mother's love.

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Received of the Treasurer of the

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the sum of

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thirty dollars

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the purchase of

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the sum of

Five hundred and

thirty dollars

QUOTATIONS, NOTES,
and EXPLANATIONS.

S O N N E T I.

Line 13.

Ah! then, how dear the Muse's favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best—who feel it most!

‘ The well-sung woes shall sooth my pensive ghost ;

‘ He best can paint them who shall feel them most.’

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard, 366th line.

S O N N E T II.

Line 3.

Anemonies, that spangled every grove.

Anemony Nemeroso. The wood Anemony.

S O N N E T III.

Line 1.

The idea from the 43d Sonnet of Petrarch. Secondo parte.

‘ Quel rosignuol, che fi soave piagne.’

S O N N E T V.

Line 2.

Your turf, your flowers among.

‘ Whose turf, whose shades, whose flowers among.’

Gray.

Line 9.

Aruna!

The river Arun.

S O N N E T VI.

Line 12.

‘ For me the vernal garland blooms no more.’

Pope's Imit. 1st Ode 4th Book of Horace.

Line 13.

‘ Misery’s Love.’

Shakspeare’s King John.

S O N N E T VII.

Line 4.

‘ On the Night’s dull ear.’

Shakspeare.

Line 5.

Whether on Spring—Alludes to the supposed migration of the Nightingale.

Line 7.

The pensive Muse shall own thee for his mate.

‘ Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate.

‘ Both them I serve, and of their train am I.’

Milton’s First Sonnet.

S O N N E T VIII.

Line 14.

Have power to cure all sadness—but despair !

‘ To the heart inspires

‘ Vernal delight and joy, able to drive

‘ All sadness but despair.’

Paradise Lost, Fourth Book.

S O N N E T IX.

Line 10.

And laugh at tears themselves have forced to flow.’

‘ And hard unkindness’ alter’d eye,

‘ That mocks the tear it forced to flow.’

Gray.

S O N N E T XI.

Line 4.

Float in light vision round my aching head.

‘ Float in light vision round the poet’s head.’

Mason.

Line 7.

And the poor sea boy, in the rudest hour,
Enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.

‘ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship boy’s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude impetuous furge?’ &c.

Shakspeare’s Henry IV.

S O N N E T XII.

Line 8.

‘ And suits the mournful temper of my soul.’

Young.

S O N N E T XIII.

Line 1.

‘ Pommi ove’l Sol, occide i fiori e l’erba.’

Petrarch, Sonnetto 112. Parte primo.

S O N N E T XIV.

Line 1.

‘ Erano i capei d’oro all’aura sparfi.’

Sonnetto 69. Parte primo.

S O N N E T XV.

Line 1.

‘ Se lamentar augelli o verdi fronde.’

Sonnetto 21. Parte secondo.

S O N N E T XVI.

Line 1.

‘ Valle che de lamenti miei fe piena.’

Sonnetto 33. Parte secondo.

S O N N E T XVII.

Line 1.

‘ Scrivo in te l’amato nome

‘ Di colei, per cui, mi moro.’

This is not meant as a translation ; the original is much longer, and full of images, which could not be introduced in a Sonnet.—And some of them, though very beautiful in the Italian, would not appear to advantage in an English dress.

S O N N E T XXI.

Line 5.

‘ Poor Maniac.’

See the Story of the Lunatic.

‘ Is this the destiny of man ? Is he only happy before he possesses his reason, or after he has lost it ?—Full of hope you go to gather flowers in Winter, and are grieved not to find any—and do not know why they cannot be found.’

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

Line 8.

‘ And drink delicious poison from thine eye.’

Pope.

S O N N E T XXII.

Line 1.

‘ I climb steep rocks, I break my way through
copses, among thorns and briars which tear me to
pieces, and I feel a little relief.’

Sorrows of Werter. Volume First.

S O N N E T XXIII.

Line 1.

‘ The greater Bear, favourite of all the constella-
tions; for when I left you of an evening it used to
shine opposite your window.’

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

S O N N E T XXIV.

Line 1.

‘ At the corner of the church-yard which looks
towards the fields, there are two lime trees—it is there
I wish to rest.’

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

S O N N E T XXV.

Line 1.

' May my death remove every obstacle to your happiness.—Be at peace, I intreat you be at peace.'

Sorrows of Werter. Volume Second.

Line 11.

When worms shall feed on this devoted heart,
Where even thy image shall be found no more.

From a line in Rousseau's Eloisa.

S O N N E T XXVI.

Line 5.

For with the infant Otway, lingering here.

Otway was born at Trotten, a village in Suffex. Of Woolbeding, another village on the banks of the Arun (which runs through them both), his father was rector. Here it was therefore that he probably passed many of his early years. The Arun is here an incon-

fiderable stream, winding in a channel deeply worn,
among meadow, heath, and wood.

S O N N E T XXVII.

Line 4.

‘Content, and careless of to-morrow’s fare.’

Thomson.

S O N N E T XXVIII.

Line 9.

‘Balmy hand to bind.’

Collins.

S O N N E T XXX.

Line 6.

Bindwith.

The plant Clematis, Bindwith, Virgin’s Bower,
or Traveller’s Joy, which towards the end of June
begins to cover the hedges and sides of rocky hollows
with its beautiful foliage, and flowers of a yellowish

white of an agreeable fragrance ; these are succeeded by seed pods that bear some resemblance to feathers or hair, whence it is sometimes called Old Man's Beard.

Line 9.

Banks ! which inspired thy Otway's plaintive strain !
Wilds ! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
Of Collins' powerful shell !

Collins, as well as Otway, was a native of this country, and probably at some period of his life an inhabitant of this neighbourhood, since in his beautiful Ode on the death of Colonel Ross, he says,

The Muse shall still, with social aid,
Her gentlest promise keep ;
E'en humble Harting's cottaged vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

And in the Ode to Pity :

‘ Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
‘ And Echo, ’midst thy native plains,
‘ Been sooth’d with Pity’s lute.’

S O N N E T XXXI.

Line 2.

Alpine flowers.

An infinite variety of plants are found on these hills, particularly about this spot: many sorts of Orchis and Cistus of singular beauty, with several others.

S O N N E T XXXIII.

Line 9.

Thy natives.

Otway, Collins, Hayley.

S O N N E T XLII.

Line 8.

The shrieking night-jar sail on heavy wing.

The night-jar or night hawk, a dark bird not so big as a rook, which is frequently seen of an evening on the downs. It has a short heavy flight, then rests on the ground, and again, uttering a mournful cry, flits before the traveller, to whom its appearance is supposed by the peasants to portend misfortune. As I have never seen it dead, I know not to what species it belongs.

S O N N E T XLIV.

Line 7.

Middleton is a village on the margin of the sea, in Suffex, containing only two or three houses. There were formerly several acres of ground between its small church and the sea, which now, by its continual en-

croachments, approaches within a few feet of this half ruined and humble edifice. The wall, which once surrounded the church-yard, is entirely swept away, many of the graves broken up, and the remains of bodies interred washed into the sea: whence human bones are found among the sand and shingles on the shore.

S O N N E T XLV.

Line 11.

The enthusiast of the lyre who wander'd here.

Collins.—See note to Sonnet 30.

S O N N E T XLVI.

Line 8.

But where now clamours the discordant hern.

In the park at Penshurst is an heronry. The house is at present uninhabited, and the windows of the galleries and other rooms, in which there are many invaluable pictures, are never opened but when strangers visit it.

Line 12.

Algernon Sidney.

S O N N E T LI.

Line 4.

Ospray.

The sea-eagle.

S O N N E T LIV.

Line 12.

A sweet forgetfulness of human care.

Pope.

S O N N E T LVII.

Line 7.

The lark—the shepherd's clock.

Shakspeare.

Line 14.

The mountain goddess, Liberty.

Milton.

S O N N E T LVIII.

Line 8.

‘ Star of the earth.’

Dr. Darwin.

Line 9.

‘ The moisten’d blade—’

Walcot's beautiful Ode to the Glow-worm.

E L E G Y.

This elegy is written on the supposition that an indigent young woman had been addressed by the son of a wealthy yeoman, who resenting his attachment, had driven him from home, and compelled him to have recourse for subsistence to the occupation of a pilot, in which, in attempting to save a vessel in distress, he perished.

The father dying, a tomb is supposed to be erected to his memory in the church-yard mentioned in Sonnet the 44th. And while a tempest is gathering, the

unfortunate young woman comes thither ; and courting the same death as had robbed her of her lover, she awaits its violence, and is at length overwhelmed by the waves.

Verse 8. Line 4.

‘ And fruitless call on him—“ who cannot hear.”

‘ I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,

‘ And weep the more because I weep in vain.’

Gray's exquisite Sonnet ;

in reading which it is impossible not to regret that he wrote only one.

THE ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

This little poem was written almost extempore on occasion of a conversation where many pleasant things were said on the subject of flattery ; and some French gentlemen who were of the party enquired for a synonyme in English to the French word *fleurette*. The

poem was inserted in the two first editions, and having been asked for by very respectable subscribers to the present, it is reprinted. The sonnets have been thought too gloomy; and the author has been advised to insert some of a more cheerful cast. This poem may by others be thought too gay, and is indeed so little in unison with the present sentiments and feelings of its author, that it had been wholly omitted but for the respectable approbation of those to whose judgment she owed implicit deference.

F I N I S.

23 JY 68

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